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SCIENTIFIC BIBLE

MARY A. HUNT



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SCIENTIFIC BIBLE.

REASON—REVELATION—RAPTURE.

Twentieth Century Testimony.

NATURE AND "ME"—ONE.

Knowable, Human, Natural, Personal God.

SELF-ETERNAL SUBSTANCE.

Natural Law.

Mary A. Hunt.

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DEDICATION.

Dedicated to my Sister, Mrs. Sarah A. Ketchum, who planned with me, while in the body, to reveal to the world the Infallibility and Immortality of Human Nature—Inherent Divinity.

PREFACE.

The Glory of All is in All. The Glory of each is in Himself.

Man and nature are based on mathematical and musical principle, as exact as the law of chemistry and astronomy. He who hath found the harmonic chord in himself can play in all the keys of humanity. He is a mathematical equation—a Master Musician. Personal, Eternal Equilibrium. He is the infinite harmonies, mathematics and dynamics of the molecule.

The Foundation Rock of the Universe is Eternal Personality. All that we call the world is the manifestation of our own *Infinite* Consciousness—Me.

The *Inspiration* of true ideals, and the guidance of correct principles are the motor powers or operative forces utilized in transmuting experience into wisdom, skill and power. "Blind experience" is always and everywhere a plodder.

Revelation and Inspiration declare the utility and necessity of the Force called "Sin," in the economy of the universe, and immortality of the human natural faculties and forms. Faculties are Force. Force is without beginning or end. *Man* is that Infallible Substance that he calls Nature or energy.

The God *in* a man is greater than his "Sin." "Where sin doth abound, grace doth much more abound."

"He who *knows* and feels Truth, is Truth Incarnate. He that sanctifieth and he that is sanctified is One."

"The pure worship of a pure heart is, and always was, an inspired song."

"There is a Spirit *in* Man and the inspiration of The All Mighty giveth him understanding."

“To make all See, what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God; wherein he hath abounded towards us in all Wisdom and prudence, having made known unto us the mystery of His Will according to His good pleasure, which He hath purposed in Himself; that in the dispensation of the fullness of the times He might gather together in One, all things, under Christ,” Christus—Illumination—Understanding. Eph. 1-8, 10, iii.-4, 5, 9.

"To the intent that now may be made known the much diversified wisdom of God according to a plan of the ages which He hath formed." Eph. iii.-10.

"The Mystery which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of Men." Eph. 3, 3-6.

"Even the Mystery which hath been hid from ages, and from generations, but *now* is made manifest, the riches of the glory of this mystery among gentiles." Col. 1., 24-27.

"Nature, like a cautious testator, ties up her estate so as not to bestow it all on one generation."—Emerson.

"Beware when God lets a thinker loose upon the planet."—Carlyle.

"We have been slow to learn this divinity of our own lives, but the age is steadily rising—humanity is becoming broader, healthier, kinder, since it began to find God in the common things of the world. The soul of our age, says the poet, has looked in upon herself and discovered a glow of matchless value, and learned from a new teacher the beauty, dignity and grandeur of her own life."—Dr. College, *Aurora*, III.

Said Frederick the Great to his chaplain :

“Doctor, if your religion is a true one, it ought to be capable of very brief and simple proof.”

“The sound of tools to a clever workman, who loves his work, is like the tentative sounds of the orchestra to the violinist who has to bear his part in the overture; the strong fibres begin their accustomed thrill, and what was a moment before joy, vexation or ambition, begins its change into energy.”

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him."

"By the work one knows the workman."

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"

There is always work, and tools to work with, withal for those who will.

"The work under our labor grows."

"We ever stand in the presence of an Eternal Energy from which all things proceed and to which all things retire."—Herbert Spencer.

"I form the light and I create darkness; I make fear and I create Evil—I the Lord do all these things."

"And if any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not."—Jesus. John 12-47.

"Show us the Father and it sufficeth."—Philip.

"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. The Father and I are one, Ye in Me, I in Ye."—Jesus.

"Is it not written in your law, I said Ye are gods?"—Jesus.

THE SCIENCE OF PERSONALITY.

Eternal Self-Consciousness.

I AM WHAT I AM.

The Perfect Law.

ME.

The spider spins her wondrous web,
From out herself 'tis spun,
She needs no teacher, creed nor crown,
Untaught she teaches none.
She ties her knots and glues them tight,
A cunning workman she;
Then sends her invitation out
To flies, to come and see.

The honey bee no tutor has,
No lessons hard to spell,
No architect helps her to build
Her geometric cell.
She sips the dew and sucks the sweets
To mix her loaf of bread,
No book has she—no recipe
To bake it brown or red.

The caterpillar knows enough
To cuddle up and sleep,
And waken up a butterfly
To soar instead of creep.
To kiss the buds and court the flowers
And snuff their sweet perfume,
And carry pollen on its wings
To blossom out the bloom.

The little bird ne'er *learned* to peep
 And pick its tiny shell,
 It *knows* just how to eat and sleep
 And feather out as well.
 To cheep and chirp and choose its mate
 And form its fairy nest,
 And lay its egg as well as at *first*—
 No *practice* makes a "*best*."

The "piggie wiggie" in its pen—
 The pretty we—we—we—
 Was never *tought* to run and root,
 And have a pedigree.
 It squeals and squirms, it helps itself
 Pursue its will and way;
 Science and Scripture in the "Law"
 Of It is plain as day.

Inspired, impelled it grunts and grows
 And takes a nap between;
 Abstruse abstractions it abhors.
 Nature, its only theme.
 Predestined, fore-ordained to love
 Its bonny clabber milk,
 It envies not an emperor
 In robes of royal silk.

The Mother lullaby's her babe
 And feeds it from her breast,
 No syllogisms teach her *how*—
 The darling does the rest.
 No college university
 Informs that Father *why*,
 And *where* and *how* that youngster learned
 The art of yelling I——

The baby laughs and kicks and crows
And not a thing 'twas taught,
It screams and squalls and does what else
A dear sweet baby ought.
He was not *schooled* to *hear* and *see*,
To *feel*, and *smell*, and *wink*,
Without a pedagogue, he thought,
To suck his thumb, and think.

The maiden knows just how to pet
And kiss her sweetheart beau,
She needs no schoolmaster to whip
Her into doing so.
He needs no rigid "Rule of Three,"
No Law of Syntax terse,
He simply *feels*; and folds her up
Into his arms in verse.

Dear Grandma'ma with patient face,
And hair as white as snow,
Sits weaving fancies all the day
Of thoughts that come and go.
And dozing, dreams of one fair form
Who stood her own beside,
Together prayed and struggled on
Until the dear one died.

A lovely vision now unveils,
The Soul of each is One,
Attracted by Superior Force
Her Will is being done,
The Holy Book she lays aside,
She hears an anthem grand
And gladly goes away from us,
Led by a human hand.

We live and love, we breathe and move,
We hope and strive—desire
No mathematic formulas
Teach us to pray—aspire.
The God Within Us is the Me,
It doeth all in all.
It knoweth, 'Tis the great I Am
In creatures large and small.

It forms and bursts the tiny seed,
It tassels out the corn;
For from the outside nothing grows
And not a thing is born.
The chemic knows just what to do,
Atoms obey the law,
Throughout this mighty Universe
There's not a single flaw.

The silken web and waxen cell
Are forms so wondrous fair,
That men build on their principles
Grand palaces with care.
The Archetype of Heaven and Earth,
The molecule and man,
Is manifest in everything,
Is Purpose, Power and Plan.

The world is infinite, I know,
And Mind the only Force,
That finds Sensation in Ourselves,
Thought forms they are of course.
And whether good or whether bad,
Where e'er they flash or fade,
They will fulfill a destiny,
And do as they are bade.

The self-eternal molecules,
The atoms uncreate,
Speed ever on their circling way,
To unify and mate.
To congregate in glittering suns
New forms to make—unnake,
Within our bodies live and love
When sleeping or awake.

All Human Nature is divine,
I sense it Everywhere.
'Tis Universal Substance, too,
In us and in the air.
Sensation sits on every throne
And opens every door
To pain or pleasure, heaven or hell,
In Wit or Wisdom's lore.

Emotion sups with every Soul,
And lives eternal life.
'Tis indestructible, I know,
Like Atom and his wife.
'TIS Nature, God and Man in One,
The Holy Trinity,
The uncreated—unbegun
Ideal—Deity.

Our sins are Teachers—Time's events,
Ambition, pride of power
Are manifest in all of us,
In us they bud and flower.
Take these away and we are naught,
They mark our entities.
And shall endure throughout all time,
Yea, and eternities.

Perfection rules within, without,
In Bird and Beast and Man,
In each one shine the Form and Force,
The Human Nature Plan!
It moves the Countless Orbs in Space,
Untaught, unchanged, unbound,
Transfigures forces here on earth,
For Endless Cycles Round.

Almighty power! Omnific Mind!
Omniferous All Good!
Like to Thy Self are all of us,
WE are thy seed—thy brood.
For countless æons we have slept
Within Thy Loving Breast,
As mothers lullaby their babes,
Thy Vigil Thou hast kept.

Till waking up in Thee we find,
Thy self, in us, to be,
To recognize Thy Power at all,
We Must be Great as Thee.
If Thou art my Ideal One,
Then I am Thine, forsooth.
What We are not, Thou *canst not be*,
Thou Great Eternal Truth.

Then *out* of Thee we cannot go,
Nor Thou from us depart,
Thou art our Head and Hands and Feet,
Intelligence, and Heart.
For what Thou art, we too must be,
Thou Infinite I AM,
All finished, uncreate. We live
To love Ourselves—Thy Man.

The planets to their orbits cleave
Nor from their centers fly,
Obedient to inherent Law
The same as you and I.
The Seasons circle round and round,
Like children in their play.
And register themselves in me
In Nature's own sweet way.

For It is all that *is* or *was*,
And I am It. The link
To all of Nature's lovely laws
Is in Myself, I think.
Then would I grasp her Mighty Power,
Her Mysteries unlock;
Down, deep within Myself I dive,
And find foundation—Rock.

And, though I seek and strive for God
Till thought is lost in thought,
True Knowledge of Myself, I find,
My Own True Self, I sought.
The Music of the Spheres am I,
The Grand Harmonic Chord,
Vibrant in all the Universe
Responsive Man and Lord.

Self-Poised, Self-Centered, Conscious Life,
All Mind and Will and Thought,
All full of human ways and means
Like Jesus, when he taught.
He praised his God Within Himself,
And justified The Man.
I've done just as he did, I'm sure,
I've done the best I can.

He said that he was "All in All,"
 An Egotist was he,
 A *SELF* Existent Natural Man,
 He loved Himself, his "Me."
 He bowed not down to Crude Beliefs,
 Was called the worst of cranks,
 He "Raised the Dead"—Ten lepers healed,
One only, rendered thanks.

He told us "not to judge"—condemn,
 Yet, did not keep that Law,
 Because he *could not*—wherefore he
 Was perfect—without flaw.
 He said that He and God were *One*,
 And deified the Man,
 He did just as he did, because
 He was *his own* I am.

He called men "vipers"—"spulchers,"
 And once said they were Gods,
 But "Ye in Me, and I in Ye,"
 Just evened up the odds.
 They called him "devil," "blasphemer,"
 He, *their* commandments brake,
 He said that He and God were *One*,
 And spake as no man spake.

"In Nazareth no mighty works
 The prophet-priest could do,"
 Was subject to environments,
 The same as all of you.
 When asked the question, who hath sinned,
 This blind man or his sire?
 He answered, "neither;" 'twas the shade
 Of unfulled desire.

He "cast the devils out of men,
 And sent them into swine."
 "He cursed the Fig Tree"—tore the "*Leaf*"
 From Human Forms Divine.
 He loved as other men have loved.
 I know it was the same,
 His Mary was so human, too,
 With "Mother's" face and name.

Of "Royal Blood"—"King David's Line,"
 Of "Jesse's Stem" The Head,
 A Grand, Good, gentle, noble man,
 A Thinking Thorough Bred.
 A sinless One with all Desire
 The Human and Divine,
 With all the forces of his Sex
 Unblemished with decline.

The "Friend of Woman," Church and State,
 Of Sinner, Science, Home,
 Stooped down to lift the suffering up,
 And *stay* the "Law of Stone."
 Stooped down and wrote upon the sand
 A *Principle* for men.
 They skulked away—aghast! ashamed!
 To be *themselves* just then.

"Despised, rejected, scorned of men,"
 "A man of sorrow he,"
 Omnipotence in him fulfilled,
 A human, natural Me.
 Fore-Knowing all—the thief he blest
 And Judas justified,
 The "saint" and "sinner" hung alike
 And suffered side by side.

The celibate and virgin maid,
 True to Prophetic Law,
 Of Judah's tribe and Judah's might
 The Magis all foresaw.
 Were fore-ordained, predestined thus
 To figure in the plan,
 O'er shadowed by the Infinite
 Intelligence in man.

"Illegal babe," a "lawless man,"
 Attuned to Nature's Grace,
 She clasped him with Eternal Force—
 A Magnetized Embrace.
 A child of love—Love was his Theme—
 A God and Man in one,
 In "Bastard Child" and her reviled
 Jehovah's Will was done.

The Natural was satisfied
 (The force without a flaw),
 And all the Race was justified—
 Judas fulfilled the Law.
 The Church and State, Pilate and Priest,
 All, each, and every man,
 Were thus *compelled* to Be and Do—
 Each was his own *I am*.

The Perfect Pattern shadowed forth—
 True to Eternal Law,
 (The Type of all the universe)
 Was what the prophets saw.
 The "Perfect Man" was typified.
 The Archives glowed with "Grace."
 The law was harsh and cold and stern,
Love justified the Race.

In Lamentation, Israel,
 Of God and Devil raved.
 Between the *two* the "chosen ones"
Alone were to be saved.
 The Messianic Masculine
 Discerned *another* Brain,
 The Human Being—Head of God—
 The "Three in One" explain.

Melchisedec and He were One,
 "Of Righteousness the King."
 His Self Hood "had no parentage"—
 An uncreated Thing.
 "Without descent"—his *Consciousness*
 Was *All Intelligence*,
 No end of days—"beginningless,"
 The Source of All Events.

The Bee is perfect as a bee,
 To nature true the flower,
 The human being to His Type,
 His functions and his power.
 Completeness is within, without
 The chemicals and man,
 In each one is the Infinite,
 Intelligence—I *Am*.

Fore-Knowing all, I *all* forgive,
 Myself I justify,
 In everything I do and say
 It all is I, I, I?
 I praise the *God Within Myself*
 And glorify the Plan,
 I do as well as Jesus did—
 I do the best I can.

All full of human wants and needs,
 Of hope, desire and prayer,
 Dependent on the universe
 For food and fire and air.
 I've dined on dire necessity
 And drunk the "bitter gall,"
 Compulsion carved my cross and crown,
 And crucified my *All*.

By church and state have been condemned,
 'Twas natural and true,
 Have done the same as others
 Who are compelled to do.
 I've had my *dark, dark* night of woe,
My own "Gethsemane"
 And Resurrection from The Tomb
 Of Unbelief in Me.

I've fed the hungry, clothed the nude,
 And healed the sick and sore,
 To those who asked have given alms,
 Exhausted all my store.
 Borrowed of friends and begged of foes
 All wants and woes to mend,
 And having naught to pay the debt
 I am not self-condemned.

I've fed Humanity on Truth,
 And opened wide the door
 To all the Nations of the Earth
 To help themselves to more.
 Have been a Warrior brave and bold,
 Have saved the Gospel Ships
 In lighting up the Sciences
 With Inspiration's lips.

I argued every form of force,
 With prophet, priest and king,
 The muscles of my throat collapsed;
 I *ceased* my *Reasoning*.
 I questioned "Devil," "God" and Man,
 The *Answer* was in Me,
 The Question and the Questioner
 Is all there e'er can be.

I prayed for harmony and light,
 I sought it here and there,
 Discovered I was *It*—was All,
 I answered my own prayer.
 I sought Perfection up and down,
 I roamed the wide world o'er,
 Then *knew* that I *was* my *Desire*,
 Was it, not less nor more.

I've passed through "Fiery Furnaces,"
 The Purgatorial Flame
 Has clasped *my* form and kissed *my* lips
 And forced me into Fame.
 Obedient to my destiny
 I kield now to Control,
 The Spirit *Knoweth*—*Doeth* All
 And "Quickeneth" the Whole.

As I can sense the Stellar Orbs,
 In nightly splendor roll,
 And *feel* the rhythm that sways the earth,
 From North to Southern pole.
 I must be greater far than they,
 In Me they must exist,
 And I in them, their glory share,
 And they in mine persist.

I'm in all things, all things in Me,
 The seed, the cell, the flower,
 Eternity in time, and Time
 In Endless day and Hour.
 I'm in the solid, liquid, gas,
 The ether, air and sea,
 Without *Me* naught can pause or pass,
 Not anything can be.

I'm in the light, the heat and sound,
 In Electricity,
 They live and breathe and move in Me
 Find their Affinity.
 Color and odor, time and space,
 If We did not exist,
 Would cease to be, for they in Us
 And of Us must consist.

The mountains, magnets, moons and stars,
 The sun, and "Cosmic Force"
 Are concepts of *Our* Consciousness,
 In Us they have their Source.
 Projections into space are they
 Of Thought—The Ether Free
 With Centers and Circumferences,
 In Us, The One Idea.

Man in the Silence, Speech and Song,
 The breathing, smile and frown,
 The mews of cats—the sigh of winds,
 That shake the snow-flakes down.
 Yea, in the spider's silken thread,
 The bee and waxen cell,
 The butterfly, and peep of bird,
 Which baby tries to tell.

Man in the mellow ripened fruit,
Of Autumn's ample store,
Where bursting sheaves, and bulging barns,
Are running o'er and o'er.
They live and move, and shadow forth
The Personal Divine.
All things are Us and We are all,
Therefore all things are mine.

The Sense of sight and taste and touch,
Of hunger, thirst and sleep,
Are forms of Thought—of Consciousness
Within the Mental keep,
While heat and cold, and good and bad,
Are attributes in us,
Sensations of the *Thinking Power*,
We name them thus and thus.

Digestion is *invisible*,
Nutrition is the same,
And Circulation seems to be
Omnipotent in claim,
Propelled by Thought within itself,
The same as you and me,
Old Deposition helps itself,
And then the other three.

The tear and laughter, speech and song,
The breathing, sigh and frown,
Are Soul inspired activities
The Natural to crown.
They live and move and shadow forth,
Our Character Divine,
And all are endless forms of *Thought*,
In deathless Me and Mine.

Take Me away, and naught remains,
 Of all this Universe,
 For I am all and all are me,
 I'm vine and voice and verse,
 I'm bee and bug, I'm bird and bower,
 Am "Angel," "Devil," "God,"
 Have done all things and been all things,
 Both heaven and hell I've trod.

I'm glad that everything I've been,
 For all I've said and done,
 This Energy is God in Me,
 Divine and Human One.
 I'm glad that *sorrow, pain, despair*
 Have nestled in my breast,
 Where *poverty and toil and care*
 Sat grim *unbidden* guest.

I'm glad for all environments,
 Of sin and shame and sham,
 The Forces of the Infinite,
 That make me what I am,
 That find in Me the Agency,
 To penetrate the Night
 Of *Unbelief* in "God in Man,"
 With MENTAL DYNAMITE.

I'm glad that failure and defeat
 Have breathed in me their breath,
 And made of me an invalid
 Long at the gate of death.
 I'm glad that I was not resigned,
 But struggled to get free,
 And in the *Effort and Desire*
 Found health and Heaven in Me.

I'm glad that I was not content
 To feed on drugs, and be
 A paralytic full of fear,
 Condemned by the M. D.
 I'm glad I sought the *Natural*,
 The Science of the Soul,
 The Substance of My Higher Self,
 That made my body whole.

I'm glad that Friction fierce as fire
 Has done its work in me,
 And generated Force enough
 To set my Spirit free,
 To roam in realms of *Consciousness*
 Above the SENSE OF SIX,
 To justify *experience*
 And lift the VEIL WITHIN.

Oft Error Omnipresent *seemed*.
 Compelled I was to do
 The thing I blamed another for.
 The Plan is good and true,
 The Word I *vowed*, I kept it not,
 "That I *could not*, I did,"
 Like Jesus, Paul, each one and all
 The Universe amid.

Lama, Sabathna-Elohm!
 My God! My God! My God!
 Why hast thou, too, forsaken me?
 O! spare thy chastening rod,
 Remove this scorching crucible
 From thy obedient one,
 And yet—and yet—not mine, but thy
 Eternal Will be done.

Thy Will be done? Thy Will be done?
 When forced to fail and yield
 We say Amen! Amen! Amen!
 In Nature's Battle Field,
 The Grave yard of our Pet Beliefs;
 I covered o'er my Dead,
 And Dear Ideals—now debris,
 And from the ruin fled.

My Soul was dumb and passionless,
 Its Sun had turned to ink.
 Its moon and stars were blotted out,
 The brain refused to think,
 Frozen were all the founts of faith,
 My highest holiest aims
 Were shipwrecked on the Shoal of Fate,
 Where Reason scarce remains.

Lo, I will *never*, NEVER leave!
 Thee, I will ne'er forsake!
 A Voice from out the darkness cried,
 And thus the Conscience spake.
 The "Promises" are to the Just,
 Who consecrate the Whole,
 And pass through grim "Gethsemane"
 Up to the Final Goal.

Thou Shalt! and *Thou Shalt not!*
 A rule for man to talk
 In Principle a Mighty Force,
 In Practice, none can walk;
 Harmonic Discord! Thou art Power,
 We reverence thy name,
 The Natural Scale is incomplete
 Without Thee—King of Flame.

Events that I could not control
 Nor could their Purpose see,
 Confronted me at every point
 In "Free Will Agency."
 I challenged Fate—I called it God,
 And lo! the *Thought* set free
 The Forces of my Higher Self,
My Own Divinity.

O! many, many times I tried
Others to change—reform,
 And failing, practiced on myself,
 Then fainted—weary—worn.
 I suffered shame, remorse, regret
 In trying to do right,
 Then found that I was forced to act
 As others do—to FIGHT.

To battle Fate and Circumstance,
 Then yield to *their* control—
 Conditioning, condemning all,
 Disgusted with the whole.
 To war with elements *without*
 And sentiment *within*,
 To fight it out with Faith and Doubt,
 Fear, *do* and *be* my "Sin."

For it is us and we are It
 'Tis Infinite Desire,
 Without it we cannot exist,
 The Soul cannot aspire.
 It is a Universal Fact,
 A subtle Flame of Fire,
 Without it life would be a farce,
 And Love and Truth expire.

Desire is human and divine,
 The Natural and true,
 The Power that meets us everywhere
 In all we *are* and *do*.
 As we desire Eternal Life
 We are our own *desire*,
 And find within us every Force,
 The Universe entire.

O! I am all events—desires,
 They co-exist in me
 In never-ending forms of Thought,
 Throughout Eternity.
 Equipped with Power I breathe them forth
 From the Infinity
 Of Nature's Reservoir of Truth,
 The Throne of Deity.

Then I to be the "*All in All*"
 Must be my neighbor. Yes,
 Must be Christ Jesus, if at all
 I can be nothing less.
 For God and I are one, I trow,
 Not *two*, nor numbers vast,
 And in *Myself*, all things exist,
 The future and the past.

I'm Paul and Peter, Judas, John,
 Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire,
 Am Dante too, and "Beezlebul,"
 Eve, Adam, and the *pear*,
 So I am every one I meet.
 And All are only me,
 For I can sense naught but *Myself*,
 In Everything I see.

The Heavenly Host in *Human Form*
Are moulded in my Mind,
That moves in circles, sings in songs,
And lives in all Mankind.
They love *themselves*, as we do here,
Their neighbor, as they ought,
And make their new environments,
As they advance in Thought.

O Endless Life! O Boundless Love
Within us! Shout and sing.
Dark grave, You have no victory!
Grim death, You have no sting!
Arch-Angels see themselves in us,
We in their substance share,
We are in God; God is in us,
Both here, and everywhere.

O Heavenly Vision, open wide
The portals of the Soul.
Light up the Written Word Within,
Unfold the Shining Scroll,
That we may read the "Book of Life,"
Thy Law, O Deity.
Perception, Reason, Memory,
Thou art the Trinity.

Light up the Scriptures in the Soul,
The Bible in the Man,
That holds the key to Nature's Laws,
The Purpose and the Plan.
Reveal the Mystic Law of Love,
The Mind in Nature fire,
With heavenly zeal, to bless, not curse,
The holy thing—desire.

We'll know the Nature of the Man ;
 We'll read God's will aright,
 And on the wings of Truth we'll rise
 To regions of delight.
 No time, nor space, nor change, nor form,
 Can keep us from Our Own,
 Eternal Mind in all of us,
 And We in it alone.

* * * * *

I've spun my Winding Web of Thought,
 From out *myself* 'tis spun,
 I need no preacher, creed nor crown,
Untaught, I'm teaching none.
 I've tied *my* knots, and glued them tight,
 A cunning workman, *Me!*
 I send my invitation out,
 To folks, to come to tea.

I've built my home up in my Soul,
 A lovely place to dwell,
 And at *my* Table, *all* may dine,
 On what I have to tell.
 With dews of Life and drops of Love,
 I've mixed my Living Bread,
 On food for Gods, and ends and odds,
 I'm daily, hourly fed.

And now I'm sure you all will want
Your own sweet selves to keep
 And waken up the Psychic Power
 Where all your forces sleep ;
 To flit among the buds and flowers
 Of Thought whose sweet perfume
 Will linger in your Mind and live
 Eternally in bloom.

You *understand* just how to Peep,
 And pick your *Mental shell*,
 You know just how to love yourself
 And do it very well.
 To court and coo, and choose your mate,
 And form your fairy nest,
 And go to keeping house like birds,
 And sometimes take a rest.

You often smile, and fear, and frown,
 And do these things—*untaught*,
 You fear and fret a little, too,
 As human beings ought.
 You were not *schooled* to hear, and see,
 To feel, and smell, and wink,
 Without a pedagogue, you thought
 To *think*—and *think*—and THINK.

To battle fate and circumstance,
 Then yield to their control,
 Conditioning, condemning all,
 Disgusted with the whole.
 You war with elements without,
 And sentiment within,
 You fight it out with faith and doubt,
Fear, do and are Your "*Sin*."

Your Mental Cyclones—Earthquakes—Storms
 The tempests of your Soul,
 Are Forces of the Fires Within,
 That flame beyond control,
 And waken up the God of Thought,
 Where Inspiration sleeps,
 Transforming in its processes
 Of trials and reliefs.

O you are every *form* and *force*,
 And all are surely You,
 For you can sense naught but Yourself
 In all you *are* and *do*.
 Some time you'll be so very glad
 For all you've said and done,
 As all the Universe is You
 And You are Every one.

Then You to be the "*All in All*"
 Must be your neighbor. Yes,
 Must be Christ Jesus, if at all,
 You can be nothing less.
 For God and You are One, I trow,
 Not two, nor numbers vast,
 And in *Yourself* all things exist,
 The future and the past.

You're Paul and Peter, Judas, John,
 Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire,
 And Dante, too, and "Beelzebub,"
 Eve, Adam and the *pear*,
 So you are every One you meet,
 And All are only You,
 For you can *sense* naught but *Yourself*
 In Everything you view.

O, You, to be the All in All,
 Must be Melchisedec,
 The Solar System, Sun and Stars,
 The smallest spot and speck.
 You're Moses, David, Abraham,
 Goliath, Jezebel,
 Elijah, Haman, Hagar, Ham.
 Ah me! Well, well, well, well.

You'll build your home up in Yourself
 In Understanding—Soul,
 Where "Inner Light"—the God Within—
 Illuminates the whole.
 You'll build with Thought upon a Rock—
 A Character so true;
 No "Sound of hammer shall be heard"—
 The Temple will be You.

In You all creeds and creatures meet
 And nations rise and fall.
 In You At-Onement is complete
 "Redemption and the Fall."
 Transfigured and Transformed by Truth,
 The Truth You e'er shall be,
 A Christ All Glorified Within,
 A Self-Existent Me.

The Absolute within, without,
 In Bird and Beast and Man,
 In each one is Intelligence,
 The natural *I Am*.
 Bound by its own Inherent Law
 Like needle to the pole,
 Or planets to their orbits fixed
 Obedient to the whole.

* * * * *

O, Heavenly Vision, open wide
 The portals of the Soul,
 Light up the "Written Word Within,"
 Unfold the Shining Scroll,
 That we may read the "Book of Life,"
 Thy law, O Deity,
 Perception, Reason, Memory—
 Thou art the Trinity.

Light up the Scriptures in the Self,
 The Bible in the Man,
 That holds the Key to Nature's Laws—
 The purpose and the Plan.
 Reveal the *Mystic Law of Love*,
 The Mind in Nature fire
 With heavenly zeal to bless—not curse—
 The holy thing—Desire.

Oh, Endless Life—Oh, Boundless Love
 Within Us! shout and sing!
 Dark Grave, *you* have no victory!
 Grim Death, *you* have no sting!
 Arch-Angels see themselves in us.
 We in their Substance share,
 We are in Truth, Truth is in us,
 Both here and everywhere.

With Faith and Hope to lead us on,
 Whether we groan or grin,
 The "Saint and Sinner" pass alike
 Through every Grace and "Sin."
 And, whether fainting by the way
 Or floating through the air,
 We'll find that Man is Truth—is God—
 And Mind is everywhere.

Almighty Power! Omnific Mind!
 Omniferous, All Good!
Within us Thou dost live and dwell,
 And *We are* understood.
 For countless æons we have slept
 Within thy Loving Breast.
 As mothers lullaby their babes,
 Thy vigil, Thou hast kept.

Till, waking up in Thee, we find
 Thyself in us to be.
 To recognize Thy Mind in us
 We must be Great as Thee.
 If Thou art my Ideal One,
 Then I am Thine, forsooth;
 What we are not, Thou canst not be—
 Thou Great, Eternal Truth.

Then *out* of Thee we cannot go,
 Nor Thou from us depart.
 Thou art our Head, and Hands, and Feet,
 Intelligence and Heart.
 For what Thou art, we too must be,
 Thou Infinite I Am.
 All Finished—uncreate, we live
 To Love Ourselves—Thy Man.

The maiden knows just how to pet
 And kiss her sweetheart beau,
 She needs no schoolmaster to urge
 Her into doing so.
 The lover needs no Rule of Three,
 Or law of Syntax terse;
 Full well he understands the song
 Of vine, and voice, and verse.

The God Within Us is the *Me*,
 It doeth All in All,
 It knoweth, 'tis the One I AM
 In creatures large and small;
 It fills and bursts the seed and cell,
 All vitalized and warm;
Thought is the Substance, Soul and Force,
 The *body* is its form.

It moves the Countless Orbs in Space,
 Untaught, Unchanged, Unbound,
 Transfigures forces here on earth
 For Endless Cycles Round.
 It fashions fibre, face and form,
 And links them all in one,
 Complete and Perfect Principle
 Of Being unbegun.

Perfection is *within, without*,
 The Mind and mode of Man,
 In OMNIPRESENT CONSCIOUSNESS,
 The *Substance* that *I am*,
 'Tis positive and negative,
 All Nature uncreate;
 The *Scientific, Sentient Law*
 Of THINKING grand and great.

Some name it Spirit—Nature—Force,
 And some, Sex Energy,
 While others say 'tis Fate—Desire,
 And Stern Necessity.
I call it *All*—Redemption, Fall,
 Compulsion, Passion, Pelf;
I know 'tis *Me*, and plainly see
 You'll say 'tis You—ONE SELF.

PART II.

SCIENTIFIC BIBLE.

TWENTIETH CENTURY TESTIMONY.

REASON, REVELATION AND RAPTURE.

NATURE AND ME — ONE.

KNOWABLE, NATURAL, HUMAN, PERSONAL

GOD-DESS.

SELF ETERNAL SUBSTANCE.

DIVINE LAW.

MARY A. HUNT.

INTRODUCTION.

The characteristics and qualities of the Human Being are discernible in the universal forces of nature.

Science and Scripture are Omnipresent Revelations. Neither can overthrow the other. Both are inherent in the Race—immutable and unchangeable they unveil the Infallible Potency of Man. Apparently antagonistic, they are not so in reality, being synchronous and complementary forms of masculine and feminine humanity.

Religion emphasizes The Personal God, Immortality of Man, Revelation and Spiritual Kingdom.

Science proclaims The Reign of Law, Indestructibility of Matter, Rule of Reason and Kingdom of Force.

Sometime, in some place, in some age, and in some one, they must be reconciled.

This Revelation can come only in the Scientific Age and through Woman's recognition of her divinity. The Ascension of the Feminine in her Divine Consciousness grasps the key to Personal Immortality, unlocks the Divine Mystery, unfolds the Plan of Ages, verifies the Science of Nature and rescues from misinterpretation the Book of Holy Writ—the Record of Divine Unity in the Magneto-Electrical Age.

The Marriage of Science and Religion is the Wedding Day of the Divine Man and Woman.

The "Bride" of The "New Testament" is The "Personal Resurrection" of Woman.

Two Forces, Good and Evil, in the universe would be "a Kingdom divided against itself." The Unity would be broken and fall of its own insufficiency.

PERSONAL, ABSOLUTE BEING.

Should Sun or planet leave its place,
Or wander from its course,
'Twould shatter all the Universe—
Annihilate all Force.
Could time or tide, disease or death,
Self-Consciousness erase,
'Twould scatter all the molecules—
Obliterate all space.

Should Human Nature cease to act
Obedient to its law,
The Light would vanish, Suns go out—
So great would be the flaw.
But Man is Truth and Love and Light,
And Self is Destiny,
THE UNIVERSAL ALL IN ALL,
Immortal Entity.

Could Molecule or Mole or Man
"Transgress" their law divine,
There'd be no Principle of Power,
No "You," nor "Me," nor "Mine."
Or, should the *Will* be blotted out—
That human thing, Desire—
Quickly would disappear the earth
And water, air and fire.

As Earth and Water, Air and Fire
 Are uncreated force,
 And Man contains them, every one,
He's Infinite, of course,
 Without a *Consciousness* to sense,
 The Universe entire,
 How can we *know* there's such a thing
 As water, air and fire?

Before The Individual Soul
 Could suffer endless pain,
 Sensation would be so *intense*
 'Twould rend the "Law" in twain.
 Humanity would seize the "Throne"
 And mount the "Mercy Seat"
 Before a "Vengeful, Angry God"
 Could wreck the Man complete.

The Consciousness would Waken Up,
 Assert *its* Government,
 Endowed with Endless Harmonies—
 Defy imprisonment.
 If Error rule in form or force,
 In purpose, point or plot,
 Then Man might *recollect* the Time
 And *Place* when *He* was *not*.

And if he fail to find the fact
 Recorded in the store
 Of all *His Own Experience*,
 Pray, who can tell him more?
 And if some "Devil" or some "God"
Believe it, don't you see,
 It is not *Proof Self-Evident*
 To him, nor e'er can be.

If "God have neither passion, parts,
 No figure, face nor form,"
 I'd rather be the *spook* of Me
 Than such a ghost forlorn.
 I'd sooner *bow* to my True Love
 With flesh and blood all warm
 Than such a Posthumous Belief—
 A bodiless unborn.

A Nothingness—a *No-body*,
 The Senseless, Substanceless—
 Unthinkable! Impossible!
 Where is there "Nothingness"?
 Where is the "Formless"—"Feelingless"—
 "Sensationless"—called God?
 Am I the image of this shade—
 Unselfed, unsexed, cold-clod?

Am I the Image of No-thing,
 With neither Passion, Parts?
 I, who am *Science*, *Song* and *Sense*,
 The *Substance* of All Arts?
 I, who am Life, Incarnate Love,
 A Human, Natural Soul?
 Finding *Myself* in every Force
 (The Undivided Whole)?

With eyes to see and ears to hear
 And lips to speak the Word?
 With Mind to reason and explore
 Where memories have stirred?
 Why do I wish to be *Myself*
 Instead of Christ or Man,
 Or "God" or "Devil," tree or toad,
 And be *just as I am*?

The Race must act just as it does,
 To Human Nature true,
 The Universal Man in each,
 And Each in that all do.
 Nothing above the natural
 Was ever seen or sensed,
 Or aught *below*, beyond, beside,
 To stand in evidence.

A "Fallen man," a "Lost, Lost World"—
 There is no room for such.
 Man is Infallible as force,
 With everything in touch.
 Incapable—impossible
 It is for him to "sin."
 If the Infallible is All—
 In All, without, within.

Could e'er "transgression stain" the Race
 Or blot the Perfect Plan,
 Nowhere would be the One *complete*
 And natural, human Man.
 If "failure," "falsity" occur,
 And man is *Fallible*,
That flaw destroys the power to be
 Ever reliable.

If Woman "fell"—obeyed the law
 Found in her own Desire—
 The Race delights to do the same
 And face the Flame of Fire.
 Not *one* Transgression mars the form
 Or face of this fair earth
 Nor ever did—for Man is God,
 Author of *death* and *birth*.

Is Man a "Trespasser"? Ah, nay!

Away with such! 'Tis trash.

Eternal Nature, life and love

Would vanish with the crash.

No chemics would affinitize,

No particles cohere;

Planets would not attract, repel—

Nothing could be here.

"Mistakes" within the Universe

Would *break* the "Reign of Law,"

The Consciousness would perish quite

If weighted by a flaw.

Sin or Error in the Race

Would do it violence;

So I'll abide by Order, Truth

And Man's Omnipotence.

One single "disobedient" Man

Would all annihilate.

The Act would everything dissolve,

Forces disintegrate.

Is there a *disobedient* one

Within the Human Race?

Pray, prove it ye, who thus believe,

And let me see his face.

If man can *break* The Law Divine,

"The Law" itself is *weak*;

Chaos and darkness the result,

And not a Tongue to speak.

If Man or Mote can "Disobey"

The Grand Unbroken Whole,

Reason and Rhythm have no place

A Science to extol.

If man or mote can disobey
 All Mighty Principle,
 Immortal Life is not a truth,
 The logic fallible.
 Unchanging, Firm, Fixidity,
 Man is the Truth—the God—
 All Infinite—to *Nature* true,
 Like Sun and seed and sod.

I am without mistake—misstep,
 Am plumb and square, you see;
 All I have thought and done and *am*
 Is natural to me.
 I've never "fallen" out with Law
 Nor strained the Principle
 Of human, natural ways and means—
 The Inevitable.

I cannot deviate from Truth,
 Whate'er I say or do;
 The Bee must always do like bees,
 And to *itself* be true.
 Its nature, like the Mind of man,
 Is human and exact;
 Self-preservation is its fate;
 Like man it has to act.

Mathematics cannot change—
 The notes were never born.
 Astronomy *will always be*,
 The grain of wheat and corn.
 Man always was—must ever be
 Eternal *Self*-ishness
 Bound by Desire (the law within)—
 Immortal Consciousness

Above "Transgression" we must be ;
 If not, the faintest flaw
 Can enter into life and love
 Without *upsetting* Law.
 Impossible it is for us
 To change the Changeless Me.
 "Reform" the Personal I Am,
 The Glorious Deity.

As Bee and Bird and Bug and Bower
 Are to their natures true,
 According to their faculties
 Compelling them to do—
 So Saint and Sinner, Friar, Fake,
 Must figure in the plan
 Determined by the law of Self
 To do the *best* they can.

Complete each force within itself
 And all within the Man,
 He All-Pervades the natural
 And is its Force and Plan.
 He fills the universe with Self,
 With Conscious Sentient Act
 And knows that *motion, heat and light*
 Are Him—The Human Fact.

All, all the restless chemicals,
 Impelled by fierce *desire*.
 Ignite within the form of man—
 A furious flame of fire.
 Sometimes he fails to put it out,
 As written in the code—
 We call it *mad*—combustion—bad
 To be *himself*—explode.

When thunders roar and lightnings flash
 And howling winds are high,
 The human being says 'tis Me
 In My Infinity.
 I sense the scene within my Soul,
 I've lightened, thundered, too,
 I've *howled* and *screamed* sometimes, because
 I'm Nature through and through.

The animals that roam the earth
 All find their source in us,
 And maybe that is why they fret
 And fight and fume and fuss.
 If one is easy, slow and sure,
 We say the "plodding ox";
 If fast and sharp and shrewd withal,
 "A cunning, sly old fox."

And if a man refuse to yield
 Up all his will and way,
 He's dubbed a "mule"—a *stubborn brute*,
 "A *kicker* with a *bray*."
 And if a *woman* seek to find
 Where her liege lord is "at,"
 He snarls and scratches like a proud
 Old purring pussy cat.

Could Selfishness its orbit cleave
 Or from its center fly,
 There'd be no motion, light or heat,
 Or *Human, Knowing I*.
 The daring, deathless, singing Soul
 Would be emotionless,
 If man could break away from Self—
 His Orb of Consciousness.

If *Selfishness* could ever be
 Inoperative force,
 The Consciousness would have no State—
 The satellites no course.
 No equilibrium can exist
 Where Self is not the law—
 No form or feature e'er was seen
Apart from Him who saw.

The Chemist and Astronomer
 Are greater than their theme.
 Outside of Self they sense no thought—
It enters every scene.
 And when they view a grain of sand,
 Or solar ray explore,
 It is the *Self in ecstasy*
 They worship and adore.

I am Immortal Self-ishness,
 All forces are but It.
 Exactly to this principle
 Will every Substance fit.
 Poised, centered in this Law of Truth,
 The Personal I Am
 Is by the fiat of itself
 Its own Ideal Man.

Apart from Human *Consciousness*
 There is no form nor force.
 Apart from Sensuous *Selfishness*
 The seasons have no course.
 All Error is a form of Truth
 When known and understood—
 Like light and darkness, heat and cold—
 A universal good.

We oft repent the act we do,
 And vow we'll ne'er repeat.
 Then circumstances past control
 Compel reluctant feet.
 We act as Preachers *have* to do
 And Prophets cannot help,
 Where truth and error, good and bad,
 Are balanced in the Self.

Forced to develop from *within*,
 We *never* make *mistakes*,
 Although we seem the chief of cranks,
 Fanatics, freaks and fakes.
 Compelled to face Experience—
 To be the I, I, I—
 The *inside*, *outside*, *everywhere*—
 The Where, the When and Why.

Desire is force—the God in us—
 The Dynamo—the Soul,
 That drives us into life and death,
 Obedient to the whole.
 Yea, every drug that draws its life
 From Nature's reservoir
 Completes its circuit in ourselves—
 Our brains and bones restore.

And every Force that flits or frets,
 In water, fire or air,
 In its own fashion forms the Saint
 And Sinner everywhere.
 For we are It, and It is Us,
 And it is surely Thought—
 'Tis Soul and Substance—energy;
 'Tis pleasure, duty, ought.

Desire is Self and Self is Law,
 Divinity in one;
 The universal form and force
 In us—the unbegun.
 All breathe and move and are Themselves;
 They live and dare and die,
 And waken up to find that They
 Are All Eternity.

Our "faults," our "failures" and "defeats"
 Are centers of success,
 Where modes of Soul Development
 Permit no *chance* or *guess*.
 And all our blunders, accidents,
 Are forms of Truth between
 Our higher and our lower Self—
 The seen and the unseen.

The Nazarine was *all desire*;
 In his Self-Consciousness
 Existed all the forms of Force
 In Nature's Spaciousness.
 "Transgressed" he not—*Impossible!*
 It is for *us* to act
 Outside of Nature's Great Edict,
 One Self-Eternal Fact.

Yes! Jesus Christ was "All in All,"
 A Self-ish Me, Me, Me.
 He justified the I, I, I,
 The feminine Idea.
 If this be not the Truth that *is*
 And *was* and *e'er shall be*,
 He was un-selfed, un-sexed, un-saved,
 Dead, dead humanity.

In molecule and Planet Law
 He recognized the same
 Desire—Demand that dwelt in him
 All-Self-ishness its name;
 Attraction, *some* have called the Force,
 Others Affinity,
 Cohesion, Gravity and Love,
 Aye, and Divinity.

Above the law of "good and bad"
 The Great Musician wrought
 The melodies of Higher Life
 The Healing Power of Thought.
 He justified the principle
 In prophet, priests and then
 In lower planes of Consciousness,
 To Nature true as men.

He understood the "Way of Life"
 When forced to "drink the gall,"
 Within his own Experience
 Exonerated all
 Un-Selfishness did not exist
 To him—nor yet "The Fall."
 True to *his Nature*—Destiny,
 He was both great and small.

Thou Mighty One of Nazareth!
 Thou Great Infallible!
 Thou Self-Existent Personage!
 All Wise—reliable
 Thou Defieth all the Race
 When thou justifieth Self
 "Just as we are without one plea"
 Including pride and pelf.

All, One with Thee in every form
 Of substance, thought and deed,
 In Crucifixion, Cross and Crown
 And Resurrection seed.
 One, One with Thee in trial-tears
 With Thee misunderstood
 By those we love—up "Calvary"
 We march through Human "Blood."

Saved, Saved through "War and Sacrifice"
 Through martyrdom and bliss
 Saved—Ever Saved—though all things fade
 The Self we never miss.
 Aye! Armies march and cannons boom,
 Progression causes jar
 In Universal Selfishness
 I see The "Bethlehem Star."

I am the forces that I sense
 The faculties the "Me"
 Are natural—the principle
 Is Human-Diety
 Person of God—Old Orthodox
 I know and understand
 'Tis Jesus Christ, Peter and Paul
 With head and heart and hand.

True to our Nature as The Bee
 The Great Infallible
 Poises the Man—*He* is the *Poise*
 The undeniable
 Apart from Him, there is no bee
 No force, nor form nor strife,
 He is *Thought Substance*—energy,
He is The God of Life.

The Universal Present God
 Is feminine—Is It
 In Substance, Number, Name and Sex
 One Infinite Outfit,
 In form and feature, passion, parts,
 In tense, and mood so true
 She is a human, natural one,
 A Self-external Do.

We can not do a trifling deed,
 Or think a single thought
 That we are not compelled by force
 To do it—*all untaught*.
 No one can *act* or *feel* or *be*
 In any time or place,
 Outside of Self—The God of us
 That frames the form and face.

This "God Within Us" is the Me.
 It doeth All in All,
 It knoweth 'tis the great I Am,
 In Beings large and small.
 It forms and bursts the seed and cell,
 It fashions the unborn,
 For from the *outside* nothing grows,
 Or Pre-determines form.

Each tender thought, or fierce desire
 Is coupled with the fact
 Of universal faith and prayer
 That forces us to act.
 Each body has its Law of Life,
 Its own environment,
 The organs Law unto themselves
 Inherent Government.

We justify and then condemn
And do it all untaught.
Omitting much—committing more
As certainly we ought.
All men have ministered to us,
And we to all of them
No actual opposition bars
The Unity of Men.

The spider weaves her wondrous web,
Transgresses not the law
Of her existence—this is true
Of everything I saw.
And though the unsuspecting fly
Within its meshes trip
Necessity—the Principle
Upholds the moral tip.

The chemic, gas and mineral
Their characters express,
And never violate themselves
Argue, suppose or guess.
The lion, eagle, fawn and flower,
No Law of Life transgress,
And man like them, *True to Himself,*
Does nothing more nor less.

My father's lips were never kissed
To "propagate the race,"
Nothing so crude—mechanical
Would fit his form and face.
I do not think that Edwin Hunt
Premeditated me
While "Sowing Seed," and Swinging Scythe,
And grafting on the "Tree."

I cannot think that Abraham
 Once thought of Ishmael
 When he and Hagar—Sarah's maid
 Drank at the "Patriarch's Well."
 And Sarah, "Past the flower of Age,"
 Dreamed of her own I Am—
 Not little Isaac—but his Sire
 The able Abraham.

The centenarian "Staggered Not"
 Through "Unbelief in God,"
 That "Promises" to him were *sure*,
 Faith fertilized the soil.
 Two baby boys were born to him,
 He broke the *Moral Code*,
 Pre-destined, Fore-ordained to act
 The Racial Episode.

Two Baby Boys were born to him
 While Sarah "Laughed with Scorn,"
 The irresistible was there—
 Compelled them to conform.
 The man was justified through *Faith*,
 Hagar was *sanctified*,
 The "Promises" were thus fulfilled
 And *all* were *glorified*.

Two heirs had "Father Abraham"—
 "One Bond, the other Free,"
 The fruit of both was fit for use—
 Two seedlings from one tree.
 From "Seed of Righteous Abraham"
 A little priest did sprout
 Pre-destined, fore-ordained to be
 Complete within without.

And thus through all events—a Force,
 A Mighty Purpose runs,
 While Thoughts in cycles wheel *Within*
 And Suns encircle Suns.
 “Evil and Sin fulfill their law
 As agents in the plan
 Of Soul Development and Power
 Stored up within the Man.

Eternal Right is ever done
 Though *seeming wrong* appears,
 The conquered only fall to rise
 And shine in coming years.
 Aye! man must pass through every phase
 Of thought to be complete
 In love, all merciful and just—
 To worn and weary feet.

Yet past all change and accident,
 I find my faith in Man,
 Above all din of *War Within*,
 I know no *change of Plan*.
 The Life that bursts the flowering bud,
 Or fills with frost the ground,
 Fulfills its mission, and it must
 Forever round and round .

The spider, bee and butterfly
 Are to ourselves akin,
 Inspired they move within the law
 Of Self—the Great Within.
 True to its nature, every bug,
 And bird, and bee and flower,
 Like every man and molecule
 Must manifest this power.

And through confusion, discord, death
 The Human Being *is*
 And ever was Immaculate
 (The Universe)—He is.
 I know he is All Infinite
 No *greater* can there be.
Within Him all must pause and pass
 Or else it cannot be.

The seed beneath the broken sod,
 Some chemicals attract,
 And some repel—'tis natural—
 Thus men and planets act.
 It feeds upon the food it needs
 To frame a form divine,
 —All else rejects—we do the same—
 On Thought we build in Time.

Emotion, feeling, faith and fear
 Are Force—Self Chemistry.
 The Will—desire—is silent thought—
 Is Static Energy.
 Thought is the grandest alkaloid—
 The finest alkali.
 Trials and Triumphs root us deep,
 Our Branches reach the sky.

The Past is present in its fruits,
 The Future in its germs,
 And both are States of Consciousness
 Externalized by turns,
 The Picture of the universe
 Is in the grain of sand
 That has position, figure, flux
 And history to hand.

Also contains the photograph
 Of all that *is* and *was*,
 Including all the Force and Fact
 Of future code and cause,
 And each event, however small
 A copy of the Whole
 Of life and love experience
 Within the Human Soul.

Equally present I perceive
 The past and future are,
 To him who knows that He is all,
 The Substance of the star,
 The Source of all he *feels* and *knows*,
 A God and Man in one,
 Bound by the law of character,
 Around Himself to run

The One who knows this Mighty Fact
 This Infinite Event
 Is surely *great* as that he *knows*
He is the *incident*.
 He is the Whole-Immaculate
 And Human Natural Plan,
 The Past and Future History
 Of Universal Man.

I've read the Bible o'er and o'er,
 Men wrote to be our guide—
 The one that Grandma loved to read,
 To Human Nature tied.
 They did the best that they could do
 And stand in evidence.
 The Woman wields the pen to-day,
 A Scribe of Providence.

Man is the "Two Old Testament"—
 The Woman is *The New*.
 The former is a He Affair,
 And to that *Nature* true.
Their God was "Him"—*their* Devil, *male*;
Their prophets, priests and kings
 Were Masculine—their angels were
 Great boys with flying wings.

Their Saviours were the sterner sex,
 Male evidence sublime,
 Mohammed, Bhudda, Yogis—all
 Affirm their Me and "mine."
 The "Testimonial Law" is true
 As needle to the Pole—
 The Feminine fulfills the fact
 And justifies the whole.

The *Woman* is the "Book of Law"
 That verifies the Plan—
 She is the "Word of Truth"
 The Bible for the Man.
 Beyond all doubt she is Herself
 And loves her Radiant *Me*
 Better by far than *any* man
 Because she is a *She*.

Fills full the Octave infinite,
 A Prophetess and Queen
 The Ruler of her Realm of Thought—
 A sovereign, I ween.
 A Scientist, and Poetess,
 A Priestess and a Scribe—
 An L. L. D.—Me, Me, Me, Me,
 (The Revelation—Bride.)

Adorned in "Robes of Righteousness,"
 The "Nuptial Feast" is spread,
 The Bridegroom wears the Wedding Ring
 In Scientific Bed.
 The Virgin Mary now conceives
 The Human Infinite,
 Reincarnates Her *Self* again
 In Form Immaculate.

Reincarnates the *Consciousness*
 In Re-Embodiment,
 Reconcentrate and reconstructs
 The Mighty Government.
 And Lo! The Book of Books is Born
 The Science Testament—
 The Re-Establishment of Truth
 On *Basis Permanent*.

Continuous the chain of Proof
 Unbroken "Covenant."
 The Age demands this light and love,
 Woman supplies the want.
 The Motherhood of God reveals
 The *Daughtership* Divine,
 The circle of the Personal
 Eternal Feminine.

The moon and stars are 'neath her feet,
 And she a Blazing Sun
 Of Infinite Intelligence
 A Self Eternal One.
 In her the male and feminine,
 Religion reconciled
 To Science in its Mighty Sweep
 Of Soul Ascension wild.

The "Opening of the Seventh Seal"
 Is in *this day and age*,
 'Tis written in the Book of Law. And on the fore-
 most page—
Now is the Resurrection Morn,
 And this the "Judgment Day."
 When men shall walk by Sight not Faith
 And *know* the Perfect Way.

In Rhythm of Thought and Deed and *Word*
 Poetic in its form
 The Scientific Testament
 Is in this era born.
 And true to all the Law of Sex
 The *Bible has a mate*,
 The old one is a Prosey one
 But fits in spite of fate.

This Book will not an hour too late,
 Nor one too soon appear,
 Not out of *Time—before* mature,
 And "Appointed" to be here.
 "Two Tables" glow on "Sinai"
 —Mount of Intelligence—
 One is the Self Eternal Law,
 And *Man's Omnipotence*.

"The Ten Commands" the other one
 Which "never satisfy,"
 Lacking Mercy, Wisdom and Peace—
 "Failing to justify."
Born and broken by us, alas!
 Reconstructed again,
 Remodeled, renewed and reinforced
 By Consciousness of Men.

L. of C.

In Woman's Day and Woman's Age
 This evidence appears,
 A Witness to the "Covenant"
 Of Israel's Signs and Seers.
 "Pillar of Light" to guide by night,
 A "Cloud" to shield and stay
 The Ark of Righteousness and Rhythm
 In "Restoration" Day.

This Book of Power—This psalm of life
 This Anthem sound and sweet,
 Fulfills the Scientific Law
 Of Harmony Complete.
 The Octave rules it's *time* and *place*
 In *line* and *syllable*,
 Figures exact in form and fact
 In "Testimonial."

The same relation to *His Age*
 Christ bore, as I to this—
 That hero was a Bachelor,
 And this one is a Miss.
That Dispensation was complete,
 The Male was deified,
 The Female now ascends the Throne,
 And *Sex* is sanctified.

America! America!
 Thy name shall honored be,
 Beneath thy flag the *Woman* wins
 Religious Liberty.
 She dares to *own* her Body too.
 And to herself be true,
 While serving Self she serves *her* God
 And dares to *be* and *do*.

To *Choose* her mate—uplift the Sex
 Transform the Thought anew.
 Select the one whom she desires
 To do the "popping" to.
 Or, needing not an *outward bond*
 Her Soul to satisfy,
 Becomes a Law unto Herself,
 Eternal Ecstasy.

United States! *ring, ring* thy bells
 Fore-known thou wert to be
 The Birth-Place of the "*Coming One*,"
 The Goddess—Mary—Me!
 Pre-destined, fore-ordained to bud
 And blossom into Power,
 The *Dispensation New*—unique.
 The Scientific Flower.

Oswego—modern Nazareth!
 Prairies of Illinois!
 Thy Soil brought forth a Baby Girl
 From seed of "Mary's" Boy.
 "*Mother of God*" and *Grandmother*.
 The female—"Holy See"
 Asserts her Scientific Sex
 In the "*Word of God*" ess—Me.

She "Rends the Veil" and enters in
 The Temple—Harmony.
 "Holy of Holies," She is It.
 She is the Mystery,
 She, The Shekina—Sacred Fire,
 The "Oracle"—The God.
 "Pillar of Light" for Israel,
 For Science, "Moses' Rod."

Not after creeds, and forms, and force,
 Or fashioning of Man,
 Is Consciousness—the Personal
 And Infinite I AM
 “Descended” not from “monkeys,” “worms”
 Nor motion light and heat
 The Substance of them All I am;
 Unbroken—One-complete.

“No end of days—Beginningless,
 And minus Parentage,
 Without descent”—the Absolute,
 And Mighty Personage,
 The *Popess*, *Secress*, of *this* age,
 The Priestess of the New,
 Is single—A Melchisadec,
 To *Christos Type* is true.

From “Seed of Righteous Abraham”
 Of “Jesse’s Stem” The Head
 Of Science Stock—“King David’s Line”
 A Psychic born and bred.
 After the manner of a God
Her Own Authority
 The *Woman* with “The Book” appears
Seal of Divinity.

Of Eva’s “Root” Rebecca’s “Branch”
 And Sarah’s beauteous Bud
 Is Mary’s Substance, Soul and Strength
 Her body, bone and blood.
 The *Messianic Feminine*
 In Nineteen Hundred One.
 Is Scientific—Masculine
 In Principle and Sum.

Fills *full* the Octave Personal
 In major minor strain,
 In Hallelujahs—Te Deums
 I hear the sweet refrain.
 The *Notes* are Gods and Godesses
 The Singing in the Plan
 Is *Self Eternal Consciousness*
 The Substance that I am.

In pain and sorrow, death, disease
 Through which alike we pass,
 The Omnipresent One is Self
 In Everpresent Mass.
 The "Everlasting Fire" of Truth
 Transmutes the *lower thought*.
 In every Force, and every Form
 I find The Woman wrought.

Lord of the Universe is Man,
 The Woman is Lordess.
 God of Themselves—Themselves the One
 They worship—Selfishness
 True to the *Male* was Peter, Paul;
 Who screamed I! I! Me! Me!
 They all yelled I! I! I!—The Lord
 Say do and order ye.

Eternal Energy is Man,
 From Him all things proceed.
 And back to Him they all retire,
 From Word of Truth to seed.
 Old as the "Cosmic Force" is He,
 As young as fire or air,
 Without the other, neither can
 Exist—Be anywhere.

Where is the *Demonstrated God*
 Or Devil Personal
 Outside of Him who knows Himself
 The individual?
 No Evil is,—no good exists
 If both are not The Plan,
 The God and Devil Personage
 Men wrote about, I Am.

A Principle—A Law—A Force
 That premeates all space
 Must be a Personal Immanuel
 Or *I I* have no place.
 Intelligence and Life and Love
 Yea, Truth itself must fall
 If Personal Persistence be
 Not greater than them all.

Above the Law of "*good*" report
 Of "*bad*" I take no heed
 Care not for censure—seek no praise
 Conviction is my meed.
 Truth, Truth, I seek and it alone
 Peace, Peace, I have and am
 The Infinite in Me is One
 Great Self in every Man.

Preceding Thought, Emotion, Love
 Or Antedating Man,
 No Form nor Force was ever known
To be, or ever can.
 Devil and God we, much adore
 And of *Their* Knowledge shout.
 The Human Being Rational
 IS both of them no doubt.

To Be, to die, exist again
 As water, air and fire,
 And flit about, without a Face
 Is not what we desire.
 Or in the memory of friends
 Awile—then be forgot,
 Perchance to be a worm or wren
 Or 20 acre lot.

So Everlasting Selfish is
 The Man and Woman too,
 They wish to be *The Deathless One*
 The Endless Ages through.
 Nothing less can satisfy,
 They nothing more desire,
 To be themselves Infallible
 The Selfish Things Aspire.

Learned not in schools, nor out of books
 Nor doctrines taught by Man
 Is Self Eternal Character
 The Nature that I Am
 No higher law than Woman's Self
 To her can ever be
 The Seed of her Desire becomes
 The Resurrection Tree.

"The Flaming Sword" turns every way
 "The Tree of Life" around
 "Two Edged Sword"—The Blade of Truth
 Sharper than any found.
 The "Heel" of Dear Old Mother Eye
 The "bitter" one so sore
 Is solid now. She creeps around
 With crawling things no more.

Forgive my Neighbor? I am She,
 I eat and sleep and drink
 With Mary Hunt—my nearest one
 I'll pardon her, I think,
 Withdrawing condemnation from
 Myself and others too,
 Makes me a Perfect One—A God
 And to My Nature true.

We cannot *win* Eternal Life
Lose it, nor *sell*, nor *buy*,
 Inherent in Humanity,
 To each one it is nigh,
 Belief in it, or *disbelief*
 Affect it not a whit,
 The Principle of Self is fixed,
 Omnipotence in *It*.

'Tis natural for us to be
 Immortal as to eat
 And drink and sleep and clasp the hand
 Of others when we meet.
 'Tis natural to *live* *always*
 As 'tis *To Be* *at all*.
 Eternal Continuity
 Is manifest in all.

And though all forms disintegrate
 Through Principle Innate,
 They Reconcentrate, Reconstruct,
 Through Resurrection Fate.
 Though *outward* bodies *seem* to die
 And grow so cold in death,
 The Inner Self-hood holds intact—
 The Living form and breath.

Now no one doubts this mighty fact,
 Self-Evident and true,
 And man is bound by Natural Law
 To do as chemics do.
 Bound by their own environment,
 The atoms *cannot* sin,
 Bird, bug and beast *are not exempt*
 And a man a "*cursed thing*."

The man is bound by *planes of thought*—
 By Mental Laws to see
 And act in his environment
 Obedient to *his* Me.
 Bound by the elements without,
 And sentiments within,
 By molecules, or modes of thought
 —In him, the Self Within.

As I am all the molecules
 Of Thought that move in me,
 Molecular in mind and speech
 Vibrating Energy.
 As I am *All Intelligence*,
 In Nature I must be
The only force I find or feel
 In its entirety.

An Endless Life I am to live
 A Conscious Thinking Man,
 I know I'll be as natural
 And human as I am;
 Or else I'll be compelled to *feel*
Inhuman and to *act*
Unnatural, and grope around
 To find MYSELF—the Fact.

For death is Life in higher form,
The bud becomes the flower,
And seconds fly away to find
Themselves in every hour.
The Self throws off its *outer* mask
Re-clothes itself anew,
Reconcentrates Intelligence
As Human Beings do.

It breathes the Breath of Newer Life
With senses all refined
And *all* its new environments
Are suited to its kind.
It draws unto itself the *Thought*
Best suited to its growth,
And also the Experience,
And then accept them both.

A Universe within itself,
A Substance Superfine,
Its feelings and emotions too
Are like our own—sublime.
It forms its body from itself,
Much like the one we see,
With organs all in time and tune,
A Soulful Symphony.

It manifests all forms of life,
And finds itself in each,
In its Almighty Consciousness,
Controls the Power of Speech
It clasps the hand of parent dear,
It kisses babe and wife,
And *knows* that death is but a dream,
While Life *is always* Life.

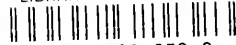
It is the One—The Infinite
When it the Truth doth know.
Enamored of Itself Within,
It knows no high or low—
It is the God of life and love
With figure, force and face
In tune with all humanity,
Events in time and place.

It knows that sorrow, sin, defeat,
Earth Heroes fear and fight
Are done up in the Great Design,
That doeth all things Right.
That opposition, friction, force
Events beyond control,
Are friendly agents in disguise,
Developers of Soul.

It knows it is Immortal Life,
Is Infinite and True,
And finds that Nature too abounds,
Repeats itself anew.
That through these Living Processes,
The *Power of Thought Within*,
Transformed, transfigured it becomes
Free from the *Sense* of "sin."

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